Wellesley College News

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HOPE FOR THE TONGUE-TIED!

In this year when all our college organizations are submitting their work to careful scrutiny, the question of the legitimacy of the activities of the Debating Club is most pertinent. How can this organization best contribute its bit of helpful service? What needs in the college is it fitted to meet?

Many and varied are the opportunities open to the women of today; with eagerness they respond to the demands for workers. From every state, with each new campaign, however, comes a call which is not so readily answered: where are women to be found who can speak in public, who are capable of conducting a meeting? Now the performance of such duties is no light task; here in college we attend meetings wretchedly conducted; in public we are tongue-tied, unable to express our own opinions. If the colleges do not train women to fulfill this function, from what source can the need of the Government be supplied?

The Debating Club has a new plan to present to the college: it purposes to offer training in the conducting of public meetings and in public speaking. This is to be accomplished by a series of meetings, held once a week for perhaps the first three weeks until the principles of parliamentary law have been expounded to a sufficient degree to enable us to conduct our own meetings with some degree of efficiency. Members of the faculty have expressed their willingness to help us in acquiring this knowledge. That accomplished, we will constitute ourselves an authorized public assembly, given to the discussion of public affairs, legislating upon them—in short, performing all the functions of an ordinary public meeting. Each girl will have an opportunity to conduct meetings, and to speak as much as she likes, the more the better. These meetings will not be held oftener than once in two or three weeks, as the occasion demands. We hope that members of the faculty, interested in our project, may offer us helpful and constructive criticism. No time will be required in preparation, except an occasional half-hour spent shaping material for a three-minute speech; since all discussion will be on present day problems, laborious library work will be unnecessary. There will moreover, be a committee to gather and arrange material, in order to minimize all effort in securing facts.

This plan, be it understood, is not absolute; it must be flexible, easily adaptable to conditions. Vassar is working out a similar plan this year. The Debating Club feels most strongly that it is offering a real challenge to all of you, freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors! It cannot be a success without your support. Make our college government truly efficient by raising the standard of public meetings here in college; prepare yourself to render real service to the Government of the United States by training yourself for public duties.

Watch your classboards for further information.

VERA HEMENWAY,
President of Debating Club.

SEND IN YOUR PLEDGE-CARDS.

Many members of the college have not sent in their pledge-cards for the War Chest and the Christian Association. All pledges should be received at once, in order that the amount of money which is to be available for the important work of this year may be known.

The Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign Closes Saturday.

Have YOU Bought Your Bonds? Buy Them Friday or Saturday, and Carry Wellesley Over the Top!

SUFFRAGE AT WELLESLEY IN WAR TIME.

A cartoon recently copied in many papers of the country represented a much agitated anti-suffragist with familiar Senatorial features, rising from his comfortable arm-chair placed at the edge of the incoming tide, and motioning back the advancing waves upon whose crests is writ the legend, "Woman Suffrage." "Go back! Go back, I say!' he cries. But the sea appears to move steadily forward toward the rocks upon which in dim outline rests a mediæval castle, strongly entrenched, but giving perceptibly at the foot.

Whether we believe that this slipping of the old defences is dangerous, or that their penetration may let in more light, few of us who are alive to the signs of the times doubt that the United States of America will eventually admit to joint responsibility in government that half of its citizens to whom it looks today for a share in every other form of public service save this, and the firing of the arms they are now being skilled to supply. Such co-operation in the choice of the makers of the laws by which all must abide, is, sometimes, apparently inevitable. But, it is urged, is this the moment to press the matter, now? When every effort should be bent toward winning the war, why this insistence upon woman suffrage? "Can suffrage put another soldier in the field or another ship upon the sea?" shouts our Senator on the sea sands. And what, in learning's name, has Wellesley to do with suffrage in war time?

It is a rare address to college women indeed in which we are not reminded that we are in the war for an ideal; that war has another than its purely military aspect. To Wellesley trained women, self-government is an ideal which carries very special meaning; this phrase, the right of self-government for large and small peoples, is also one which lies at the heart of our claim to share in the world-struggle. Yet as long as one-half of our own people *may* not be self-governing, self-represented, whether or not they individually choose to exercise that right or privilege, can we truthfully stand as "champions of Democracy throughout the world"? Evidently the answer is not interpreted in the affirmative by other free countries today.

Since the war began, Canada, Great Britain and Denmark have enfranchised their women. When the English measure was put through, giving full right of suffrage to all women over thirty, the German censorship forbade the German press to mention the passage of the bill in England. Did or did not the Kaiser recognize the fact that a victory for democracy in one country helps the Allied cause in another? A letter recently transmitted to President Wilson from the President of the *Union Française pour Suffrage des Femmes* thanks him in behalf of the women of France for his "stirring reply on the subject of woman suffrage." The writer says, "As we hoped, your opinion has made a deep impression on France, and has exercised a favorable influence on our deputies." Furthermore, "The group for women's rights meeting at the chamber has decided to request the Committee for Universal Suffrage to lodge its report on this question in the near future." Is it to be a race, one wonders, between the Republic of France and the United States to see which shall give full recognition to women first? But this is tentative. Take the testimony of figures:

The total number of women over twenty-one in the United States and Canada is 28,814,856. Of these, at the beginning of the war, August, 1914, about 14% had the right to vote on anything higher than school, bond or tax questions. Now, 12,935,953, or 44% are in areas which have given women the right to vote on city, state or national questions. Finally, the stirring word of the President in his Sept. 30 address to the Senate is pertinent on this point.

"We shall not only be distrusted but shall deserve to be distrusted if we do not enfranchise women with the fullest possible enfranchisement, *as it is now certain that the other great free nations will enfranchise them.* We cannot isolate our thought and action in such a matter from the thought of the rest of the world. We must either conform or deliberately reject what they propose and resign the leadership of liberal minds to others."

A belief then in an intimate time-relation between suffrage and the war does prevail in many minds of many lands today. From some of those

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

1919 REACHES IMPORTANT MILESTONE.

CHOOSES OFFICERS AND COMMENCEMENT DATE.

On Friday afternoon, September 6, 1919 reached a very important milestone in her history. It was the day of the first senior class-meeting, and the class in full academic regalia filed impressively into the Geology Lecture Room. The whole tone of the meeting was of a senior dignity, largely imparted by the parliamentary excellence shown in Mary Crane's leadership. The first and most important business of the meeting was the election of the following officers:

Recording Secretary, Mary Crowther.
Corresponding Secretary, Clemewell Lay.
Treasurer, Marian Sprague.
Executive Board, Ferebe Babcock, Adele Rumpf, Frances Southard.
Advisory Board, Helen Andrews, Ellen Richardson.
Factotums, Clarissa Cooper, Bernice Schmidt.
Song Leader, Susan Lowell Wright.

Another very important outcome of the meeting was the decision that 1919 shall have a simplified commencement week with baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, June 8th, and actual graduation on Friday, June 13th.

It is plain from the choice of this latter date that the seniors are not of a superstitious nature. Surely with Dr. Fitch, honorary member of the class of 1919, to give the commencement address, luck will be with the class even on "Friday the thirteenth."

CHAPEL FOR THE PROMPT.

No longer will Wellesley straggle into the morning chapel service just in time for benediction. Only the favored few, the early risers will grace the front rows,—in fact any rows. The chapel doors are closed after the first hymn and late-comers may sit in the balcony. This new rule has already been in force for two weeks past and the results are surprising. Not only is the balcony fairly empty but the chapel is fairly full.

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"WEEP NO MORE, MY LADY."

Those who are prone to weep at the death of ever so slight a "Wellesley tradition" have been noisily disconsolate over the passing away of old "Father Student Government" for some months. The NEWS suggests that eyes be dried at least long enough to survey two items, printed, one in last week's issue and one today. Last week we published a list of the girls who have been elected members of the new House of Representatives. This week we announce the first meeting of the House.

Refrain from weeping just long enough to think this over. Splendid girls, these "congressmen" are, all of them, girls whose classmates believe in their fair-mindedness. Upon them falls, very largely, the mechanical burdens that fell upon the college at large under the old system. Note well we say the *mechanical* burdens. The moral responsibility has been shifted not one inch. When devotees of the past have thought about this they will realize that College Government is not new. It is the old system stripped of its ponderous impediments, invigorated, transformed, reincarnated. But the soul is the same,—individual responsibility of every member of the Association for the laws she helps to make.

The actual law-making is still in the hands of the student body. Far more than a privilege it is the solemn duty of each member to express her opinion to her representative, and thus to make the members of the house truly fulfil their mission of representing public, not private, opinion. Tell your house president what you want to have changed about Wellesley; tell your class representatives! Come to every meeting of the House, —the meetings are open to all. Realize that by entrusting legislation to this fine body of officers you are increasing your own responsibilities rather than lessening them.

THERE IS MORE THAN ONE HERETICS' BOARD.

There is more than one Heretics' Board in college. You may not occupy a prominent position in the basement of the library. That does not prevent you from being a Heretics' Board.

Do you know the girl who echoes all the complaints she hears? Not only does she echo but she repeats. She proclaims the latest rumors about the discouraging conditions in college. Every complaint that any girl makes is imbedded in her mind. Radical suggestions grow stranger and distorted in her repetition. She is a Heretics' Board of the type which Wellesley might lack to advantage. Fill up the board in the library with your heresies—don't intrust them to her.

PATRIOTIC CAMOUFLAGE.

The world today stands ready to praise patriotism and to condemn selfishness. And it is very right that it should so judge. It is therefore much easier for individuals and communities to participate in patriotic activities which may be duly noted and admired by the public eye. But such patriotism is noble only when it is founded on thorough consistency in the inconspicuous phases of daily life. Otherwise it is a sham and a disgrace.

To make the point clearer in its particular application to Wellesley let us be specific. No one is going to follow you in person and observe your food bills in the village. No one is going to count the punches in your commutation ticket to Boston. No one is going to know how many theatres you attend during the coming winter. There are many of you who spend several dollars weekly in personal indulgence, with no one the wiser.

What will be known, however, is what Wellesley as a college spends. Every significant event in the college year will receive due comment throughout the country. It is a temptation to cater to this comment, and to let Wellesley's fame as a strict adherent to war time elimination spread abroad, while personal indulgence, as the safer and easier course, is still continued. But stop to consider that in helping such an opinion to grow is deceiving the public. Wellesley has no right to give up its most beautiful and valuable traditions before the eyes of the public, when almost every girl who makes up what is this Wellesley continues to spend time and money on valueless self-indulgences. To do so, plainly speaking, would be to act a lie. Is Wellesley capable of practising patriotic camouflage?

FREE PRESS.

All contributions for this column must be signed with the full name of the author. Only articles thus signed will be printed. Initials or numerals will be used in printing the articles if the writer so desires.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions and statements which appear in this column.

Contributions should be in the hands of the Editors by 9 A. M. on Monday.

I.

IS IT WISE TO GIVE UP TREE DAY?

To most of us Tree Day is the one most beautiful event of the college year. Until we are convinced that it is wise to give up Tree Day this year, we are unwilling to sacrifice it. We are confronted with no Tree Day, or an open Tree Day. This fact assures us that there must be some financial aid in an open Tree Day. Supposing, which is improbable, that the aid is slight, we are still unconvinced that to give up Tree Day is wise.

Let us consider what we will gain in giving up Tree Day. Some girls will have more spare time, every girl will have fifty more cents, and we will all have the glorious reputation for sacrifice. Those girls who are artistic, who enjoy beauty, are the girls who will work and they will enjoy the work. First, what would the time they would save individually by not being in Tree Day be worth to them, and to the War? It is unreasonable to suppose that a girl who loves to dance will get up early to knit. And too, Miss Manship has offered to teach the dances at the gymnasium class, so that the question of time is greatly lessened in weight.

Every girl will have fifty more cents if we give up Tree Day. What of it? When women in the village ask if the college has stopped serving meals, because apparently the girls are buying all their food in the shops, when we each of us know of fifty cents spent often which brings us nothing to compare with Tree Day, we can't say to ourselves that to pay fifty cents for a beautiful original college production is unpatriotic.

Besides some time, and fifty cents, in giving up Tree Day we should get a glorious reputation for sacrifice. We ought, as a body, to be ashamed of spectacular sacrifice when each one of us, every week of our college life, could really sacrifice more. In giving up Tree Day and perhaps attracting the public eye are we not being insincere. For, in giving up something the public has heard to be a big and beautiful part of college, are we not "playing up to the gallery," and excusing our thousands of petty self-indulgences?

But the college doesn't want to give up Tree Day. The voice of the meetings of the three upper classes last week shows undeniably that the student body of the college is unwilling to give up Tree Day. We want to keep it because it is our best effort at artistic production, it is the outlet for the æsthetic in us. To those of us who but sit and look on, it is the embodiment of our search for the beautiful, it is that event which brings us closest to Wellesley traditions, which makes us most glad to be Wellesley girls. Because it is beautiful, because we have created it beautiful, because it is ours we want it.

We must not, because this is War, give up indiscriminately. Tree Day is dearest to us of our joys. Let us give up individually as hard as we will, let us give up college stunts of little consequence, but do let us keep the one college event which means most to us.

We feel justified in keeping it, because it is worth more in our lives than the time and money we shall spend on it, and because, if we are sincere, we will give discriminately from our individual purses and not rashly to attract the public eye.

We want Tree Day seriously, and, we feel, justly. It rests with the Senate whether we wish it vainly. ELIZABETH R. KING, '19.

II.

WELLESLEY SPIRIT TOWARD THE SOPHOMORES.

The spirit of Wellesley is never manifested more strongly than in its welcome to the Freshmen, most of whom come to college expecting to undergo the traditional hazing. Instead of this they find that the upperclassmen are their friends, not their enemies, that everything is done to make them feel happy and at home. Entertainments are given in their honor, and helping hands are everywhere extended to tide them over the first feeling of strangeness and homesickness. This feeling of welcome and comradeship does more than anything else to imbue these newest members of the college with a sense and an understanding of Wellesley spirit and Wellesley ideals.

But are we not apt to forget that Wellesley has a peculiar situation to deal with, in that the Freshmen are not the only newcomers? Because the first year is spent in the village, the sophomores come to the campus with a great deal of that same feeling of newness and strangeness with which they first came to college a year ago. Separated from their friends, in all probability, with their way to make all over again, they lack their traditional attitude of self-sufficiency, and feel themselves as "green" as the "greenest" of freshmen. The upperclassmen are too apt to be concerned with their own friends and affairs to give much heed to "outsiders." Too often has the remark been made: "Oh. I just hate it where I am this year. I always thought I'd like to live there, but none of my friends are near me, and I don't know a soul. And the upperclassmen just ignore me, even at the dinner table, where they can't very well avoid me."

Wellesley is noted for its cordiality to the freshmen. But why stop there? Can not the same spirit of friendliness be extended to the sophomores also? A. M., '21.

III.

PATRIOTISM AND WELLESLEY.

The question of the existence of Tree Day presents an issue too important in its far-reaching possibilities, and too vital to the alumnæ of Wellesley College, to pass without comment. It is clearly realized by all that there is no time nor place

now for considerations of sentiment, of pleasure, of custom and tradition. The situation demands that our decision be guided by our highest and most disinterested motives. We must be intensely patriotic and sternly practical.

The Tree Day Committee is in a position to assert that an open Tree Day will involve no greater expense than the average output of the last three years; that is, approximately $1200. The general scope of the plans, subject as they are to regulation, could easily embrace the policy so happily followed by 1918; a policy of simplification resulting in a saving of time, labor, and energy, and at the same time in the achievement of a beautiful and memorable Tree Day.

The consideration before the college is this: Is Tree Day justified as a war measure?

The entire student body and hosts of Wellesley alumnæ believe that it is justified. Moreover, they are prepared to support it with energy and enthusiasm. The very fact that there have been in the history of the college only three open Tree Days is an added impetus for those who have long wished to share this event with relatives and friends. It is the belief of many that the war motive behind such an undertaking should overcome all precedent and overrule all considerations of sentimental exclusiveness. There remains for objection the fact that this event does involve great responsibility for those in charge, and a large claim on the time and energy of all concerned. There exists also in the minds of many who have seen previous open Tree Days a degree of uncertainty as to whether or not the financial results would be sufficiently imposing.

Never in the history of the college has the motive for an open Tree Day been so overwhelmingly appealing, so generally stimulating, as it would be this year. The combination of War and Wellesley is irresistible to many; it would be difficult to find a more convincingly vital cause. By restricting the admission to members of the college and their invited guests, as has been earnestly advocated, Wellesley would gain an audience sympathetic and appreciative rather than critical; the support would be more thorough and wholehearted. And a cause worthy of the support of the alumnæ and the outside world challenges no less surely the support of those within the college. In what more vital way can energy be expended than in an undertaking such as this? All war work demands strength and time; few war measures promise such tangible practical results as this. The war work in which so many undergraduates are exerting themselves untiringly is limited to the capacity of the college; the promise of an open Tree Day combines tremendous concentration of power outside the college, and the unlimited co-operation of all those who are proud to associate War Relief with Wellesley.

It is hoped therefore that the college will decide upon an open Tree Day. It gives an opportunity for real service in the greatest cause. It will mean that an event of such value from an aesthetic standpoint need not be lost, but may be raised to a transcendent achievement. It will be a memorable accomplishment that will enlist all lovers of Wellesley; a fusion of loyalty and patriotism which cannot fail. K. D., '18.

IV.

THE FACULTY ADVISORY SYSTEM.

Who is responsible for the faculty advisory system's not being wholly successful? This system was established with the purpose of helping the members of each freshman class straighten out the problems and difficulties—both academic and non-academic—which confront them. We feel some doubt concerning the accomplishment of this purpose when we hear students say at the end of their freshman year, "Why, we have seen our faculty advisor only once or twice. We don't know her." Why are they not better acquainted with her than this statement shows?

Is it because the girl neither consults her advisor nor tries to become acquainted with her? Or, it is because the faculty advisor does not make the girl feel that she is her friend? Perhaps some fault lies on both sides. It would be well for each member of the incoming classes to make a special effort to keep in touch with her "own special" member of the faculty and for the faculty advisor to encourage this effort by a similar one on her part. Possibly some members of the faculty have so many advisees that it is difficult to keep personally in touch with each girl. If so, could not this situation be remedied to the advantage of both the members of the faculty and the members of future classes? M., '21.

THE BOARD.

This board, dears, is called the He-re-tics Board, and it re-sides in the base-ment of the Li-bra-ry. Do you see the ma-ny rag-ged pa-pers flut-ter-ing up-on it? These are ex-pres-sions of o-pi-ni-on. The rea-son there are so ma-ny is be-cause this is a rare op-por-tu-ni-ty to ex-press an o-pi-ni-on with-out the aid of the cen-sor. Will you try to take ad-van-tage of this op-por-tu-ni-ty, sweet child?

(Continued from page 1, column 3.)

SUFFRAGE AT WELLESLEY IN WAR TIME.

who before the war stood firm for a qualified woman's franchise only, comes the significant admission that the pressure of participation in work which demands a higher quality of understanding of governmental problems has lifted the general level of woman's intelligence beyond the danger point of encumbering further an already too unintelligent man's vote. We at Wellesley, in training for clear, independent thinking as our special contribution to the day's issues, cannot, it would seem, ask ourselves one question too soberly: are we individually at that intelligence level which would enable us to play our part in citizenship alongside men and upon an equal footing with them, whether suffrage comes tomorrow or after the war? It matters comparatively little whether we continue to stand as an organized club with a constitution, in a year when our services to war activities are pledged in so many ways; it matters tremendously whether our minds are stagnant or awake to the bearing of a responsibility which is unquestionably hastening toward us through the swift readjustments of the war.

JOSEPHINE H. BATCHELDER.

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THE OLD KIT BAG.

Editor's Note:—This column is to consist of letters received from abroad. Help the editor by sending in any parts of your letters which you consider interesting enough to print. Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of the Old Kit Bag, and sent to the News Office, Chapel Basement, or handed to one of the News editors.

The following letter is from Tracy K. L'Engle, 1915, who sailed for France in the early summer of 1918 to do Y. M. C. A. work.

July 31, 1918.

"About the first of July my hut secretary went off to Paris on business and for a week I ran the hut all alone. That week was hectic but interesting, proving the possibilities of a woman running a big hut alone and also some of the disadvantages—no one with whom to share the responsibility and no mental rest and no physical rest. It wouldn't be so hard if there were a time when you could be alone to do the planning or purely clerical work, but even when the canteen proper is closed the latchstring to the back door must always be down.

"The beginning of the second week in July, after my secretary returned, it was decided that he was to take charge of the educational work for this whole area and especially the work done by the Y at the school. (I am at a corps school, you know.) He wanted me to help him in that work inasmuch as I had made some suggestions he liked and wanted to carry out, the main one being a central library where the school and supervising for the area could be located. So it was decided that I should give up canteen work temporarily and take charge of the library and help on the entertainment and educational work when needed. There was a barrack building like our canteen, only a few yards from my former hut, used as a study hall and class room. We partitioned off a special part of one end for Mr. Williamson's office and a kind of workroom for me and took the other part for the library, making bookshelves between the windows; there were already tables and benches. With poster curtains and a few easy chairs at one end near my table that I use as a desk it is very restful and most of the men say very refreshing. It is the first of its kind in France.

"Changing my work necessitated a trip to Paris to see Mrs. Stevenson, the European representative of the American Library Association, and to get Mrs. Rose to come and take my former canteen. Mrs. Rose is a very delightful woman who came over in the boat with me. I arrived in Paris the 13th of July and was there for a busy week. You can imagine the innumerable things one has to do and, of course, the distances in Paris are terrific. I managed to squeeze in three nice parties, besides helping at the officers' hotel, small talk and pouring tea.

"Sunday night, July 14, or rather, Monday morning at 12.15, the second offensive began. You know, of course, where it was. I had just put down a magazine article and started to sleep when the boom of the cannon began and I got up and went to the window. Off toward the east quite unmistakably I saw the flash of lights playing regularly like heat lightning across the sky. I watched it for a long time before I went back to bed, with the first feeling of sickening horror and personal futility I had had since I came. With each beat of the rhythm I knew so many lives were snuffed out. I turned on my light and read some more and when, an hour later, I turned off my light and laid me down to sleep the cannon were still booming like a far off ocean. In such manner was I lulled to sleep!

"The next day about two o'clock I was having luncheon at one of the big Boulevard cafes with a Lieutenant who has spent some six months in first-line trenches, when there was a crashing, whanging sound and the crowd, all laughing, exclaimed: 'There is Bertha again.' She had been silent for some three weeks so that the first start was remarked upon. After that we heard her at least every hour, sometimes oftener, and paid no more attention to her than to the rain. Certainly 'Bertha' is not treated with one-tenth the awesome respect that one pays to a loud, raucous, shrieking taxi-horn in Paris.

"I brought Mrs. Rose over here with me on the 19th of July and that night had the first and only visit from the Boche planes that this town has known. It was a little after eleven o'clock of a beautiful moonlight night. I was just bidding the Captain who had brought me home good night when we noticed the flash and sound of bombs falling in a town some thirty or forty miles from here. Suddenly we heard a plane just a little south over our heads. We thought at first it was one of our own and just as we were trying to locate it (it was very high up) there was a bright flash and the explosion of a bomb. I was ordered into the house, as it was evident their objective was the R. R. station near which I live. They dropped about eighteen, only three of which exploded and none of which did any harm as they missed their objective by at least two kilometers. I have a piece of one of the shrapnel bombs which exploded, on my desk for a paper weight. That is as much of the actuality of war as I have had. But the days run on very swiftly and actively here as ever. The news of the death of a Major who was here last month has been brought me, a man I knew a little; only a short time ago he was chatting over the canteen, showing me pictures of his family and swapping tales about places and people we knew in common.

"I have been struggling to get the library in some order under difficulties, the building being used most of the time for classes and study periods and the books being in no order, but just dumped on the floor. It is gradually assuming some aspect of order and soon I hope to have a little fresh paint.

"I had also been asked to help fix up the non-commissioned officers' mess halls, so that I had to buy and cut and put up forty pairs of curtains and get some painting done. Only one hall is as yet finished but the Commandant is well pleased and the boys are delighted, and I am still making trips away across the camp to see how the work comes along.

"The students are required to go to study hour from seven to nine each night. Mr. Willaimson, as a part of the educational work (and with the co-operation of the army, of course) is filling part or all of the time with lectures on French history, comparative governments, *esprit de corps*, makers of history, like Jean d'Arc, etc., and stereopticon views of interesting places in France and pictures of her great works of art. Last night I am to read "The Servant in the House" tography given by an army man by reading from Uncle Remus and Irwin Russell as illustrative of American folk lore, and I give another tomorrow night at one of our isolated camps in this area. Later I will read some other things, like the best examples of war poetry, and Sunday [illegible] at I helped out after a lecture on aerial pho- again, as I did to the officers of the last school. Saturday I go to Nancy on business for the Y and the army, and so the days rush on with such a thing as spare time completely ruled out of my scheme of existence. But I am so happy!

"The men are delightful to work with and for, which reminds me of the 'non-coms.' Doing the educational work has been my first chance of working with them or of knowing them and they are a fine lot. There are about seventy illiterate boys among the regiment stationed here who have been ordered out for half an hour each night to be taught to read and write. We have a group of their non-commissioned officers who are college men or normal school boys who are teaching them under our general supervision.

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Wellesley, Mass.

THIS EVENT WILL BE HELD AT A LATER DATE AND DUE NOTICE WILL BE GIVEN IN THE

WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

LIBERTY BOND SONGS FOR WELLESLEY.

(Special contributions by request.)

Oh, it's up to the species of female
To prove she's not lacking in nerve.
And that even if she can't be fighting,
She can stay right in college and serve.
For there is neither Can't nor Won't,
Maybe nor If nor No
When it comes to helping the Fighting Fourth
By letting our money go.

Come on, Wellesley, show your pep,
It's a cinch you've got the rep.
You've a chance to make the Kaiser worry
(Bang!)
Get right in that buying line,
You'll get left if you lose time,
Step right over, step right over,
HURRY!

MEND THE BREACH.

There's a crack just now that is closing up
That rings to the Freedom-tune
That we are teaching the whole, wide world
To chant as a chorus soon.

There's a crack just now that is closing up
In the Liberty Bell which we
Are placing over the Western world
For setting the nations free.

"Give 'til it hurts" is the glory-cry,
"Give 'til you feel a lack."
For every penny you loan or give
Helps bind the closing crack.

D. B., '22.

(Apologies to Wordsworth.)

Our cash is too much with us—all the while,
Doing no spending, it lays waste its powers.
Much is there in the vill that could be ours
Could we but go there in our usual style.
O double fudge, that always brought a smile!
O tea-room, that was crowded at all hours!
O sodas, hairpins, Dorine, hats and flowers!
O all those things that time and funds beguile!
Ye all are barred us. Gee, I'd rather be
A Hindu sporting in a tropic clime,
Or else a pirate come from Tripoli;
So might I spend my money all the time,
I'd almost rather be a soup-tureen
Than live in Wellesley during quarantine!

E. S., '21.

(The News suggests the Fighting Fourth to this sad mortal!)

AN LEG.

Now O N loved sweet M L E
And quite B 9 was F 8,
Until he did with N R G
S A 2 A V 8.
He flew with E Z X T C
Nor N E did X L
Until, alas, one luckless day
A B met him—he fell.

"O, O N," wailed sweet M L E,
"No more an N T T
I N V even grim D K
Thy M T F E G."

E. P., '21.

DISILLUSION.

I used to be my father's pet,
My mother's joy and pride,
A shining beacon light in school.
(All this is *bona-fide*.)

I used to be that noxious thing
A good example—but
I've come to college just to find
I really am a nut!

E. S., '21.

OUR WAR GARDEN OF VERSES.

Postman with a yellow bill
Makes me feel a trifle ill,—
Everything a dollar more
Since the Kaiser made this War.

How horrible it is to think
That slackers still have meat and drink,
Defying Hoover's regulations
Instead of using war-time rations.

Every night I hit the hay,
And pick tomatoes every day;
And every day when I am good
I help supply the nation's food.
The man who will not go and fight,
When I can take his place all right,
He is a slacker I am sure;
Or else his constitution's poor.

When I was down beside the sea,
A good spy-glass they gave to me
To scan the waves off shore;
And then it was my highest hope
To spot a slinking periscope,
Or two, or three, or four.

A. K., '20.

Tune, "K-K-Katy."

Last year Wellesley College used to go
Into town to every single show,
Copley, movies, theatre and all,
And the good old Sunday concert hall.
But—In flew Enza, beautiful Enza,
She's the only girl I ever could adore,
Play with Enza, stay with Enza,
Never leave our Wellesley campus any more.

E. L. '20.

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WELLESLEY INN

October 21st, 22nd and 23rd.

Mrs. Cornelia K. Peck, Mngr. College Service Dept.

CONCERNING THE QUARANTINE.

There has been a great deal said about the Wellesley spirit. The term seems to have a variety of meanings. However that may be, it is certain that in its general sense it is concerned with our attitude toward college and toward the problems with which we must grapple after college. If we are going to show that we can master the problems of life, we have first got to prove that we are capable of handling the situations that confront us right here.

Certainly we do not display any amount either of forethought or of common sense when we wilfully violate the quarantine regulations. Certainly we are not exemplifying the Wellesley spirit when we deliberately and repeatedly shift from our shoulders the responsibility of necessity placed upon us—that of keeping the college free from contagion. It has been "put up" to us by the health officers and by those in administration, and we have, in a measure, fallen short of what has been expected of us. Aside from the fact that in disregarding these regulations we are taking a dangerous step—is it good sportmanship to avail ourselves of the privileges of being a citizen, and refuse to meet the responsibilities that this very citizenship demands?

The administration has been forced to post an additional quarantine notice in order to bring the college to a realization of the gravity of the situation. There was no other way. Now let us show that we understand and accept these responsibilities, with the determination to faithfully live up to them that another such reminder will be unnecessary.

IGNORANCE OR WILFUL ABUSE?

Three weeks ago in chapel, Miss Pendleton stated the quarantine rules. "Members of the college are requested not to go to the Wellesley Inn, the Waban Hotel or the Tea Rooms. They are not expected to go to the business section of the village nor upon the village streets more than is absolutely necessary in the carrying on of their daily work." This request was made to prevent the spreading of the influenza epidemic and it was made to safeguard the health of every member of the college.

While it is true that a very small per cent of the college heard this request in chapel, it was spoken of in every dormitory and it has been a topic of constant discussion ever since. Surely no member of the college has failed to hear of it. With a campus like ours, there could be no great hardship in a quarantine and nothing is better than a walk in the open country now. There is a telephone in every dormitory and the shops are willing to deliver anything. In view of this, why should a single girl find it necessary to go to the village? For girls do go, and seem to take a singular pride in boasting of the fact that they "sneaked down to the village." If it were only thoughtless, younger girls—but older girls, to whom younger ones look for example, have also gone. Lack of knowledge or lack of thought is not a valid excuse for breaking the laws of the country. Neither should they be given as an excuse for breaking the laws of a college community.

In justice to the very large proportion of girls who are conscientiously obeying this necessary request, a protest should certainly be made against the careless selfishness of the few who either do not have, or will not use, a sense of right and wrong.

R. S., 19.

MAGAZINES AND WELLESLEY BEAN LINE.

Where do they go from here? They go to a hospital for American soldiers in England, where American magazines give more pleasure than we have ever dreamed of here. Perhaps we could better understand the place they fill if we had sometime been convalescing for weeks or months in England; if our reading matter had consisted only of English papers and magazines so strange and unlike anything we had known that they only emphasized our loneliness, and then if some day a visitor had appeared at the hospital, bringing with her a pile of real American magazines.

The letters from the soldiers who were in the hospital certainly showed how they felt about it. One wrote: "Those girls are dears, what would we do without their mags?" and another one said: "The American magazines are surely a God-send. We all wait our turn to look at them." Certainly if they mean so much to the boys "over there," the least we can all do is see that our magazines all get into the hands of the Periodical League just as soon as we are finished with them. There is a member of the Periodical League Committee in every house who will see that they are collected and sent promptly to England but we can all help the committee by keeping our magazines clean and untorn and by having them ready for the collector when she makes her rounds. Moreover, when we are hesitating between buying the *Ladies Home Journal* or the *Saturday Evening Post*, let's choose the latter for the sake of the soldiers, whose demand for Posts is never satisfied. Last year the Periodical League sent 1800 magazines to Birmingham, England, and this year hopes to send still more. The lady to whom they are sent wrote that even the twine from the packages was carefully saved and used in the garden for growing beans. The result was always known as "the Wellesley bean-line." Let us all help this year to lengthen "the Wellesley bean-line."

MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE GOVERNMENT ADVISORY BOARD.

1919. Helen Andrews.
Ellen Richardson.
1920. Marjorie Moses.
Carolyn Willyoung.
1921. Elizabeth Sayre.
Janet Victorins.
From the college at large:
Marian Spragne.
Elizabeth Peale.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A brief and very beautiful service was held in Houghton Memorial Chapel on Wednesday morning, October 9, in memory of Jean de Forrest, 1922. Rev. Mr. Sleeper of the Congregational Church in Wellesley conducted the prayers and reading of passages.

ORCHESTRA TO TRAIN RECRUITS.

Eleven new members for the Orchestra were chosen on the evenings of Oct. 8 and 11, by Mr. Foster, the club's conductor. Two of these, Edith Nutt and Eleanor Peckham, freshmen, are to play first violin. Those who are second violins are: Esther Stevens, and Evelyn Tilden, '21, Katherine de Wolf, Emily Latham, Gertrude Miller, and Mildred Smith, '22. Gertrude Crampton, '20, cellist, was selected, and also Virginia French, '21, pianist.

C. H., '21.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Saturday morning the sophomores gave us a gentle reminder of the fact that pennies put into the tea room will not buy Liberty Bonds. Their presentation of this truth was graphic—for they illustrated their slogan, "Don't they see, or don't they care?" with live photographs, in which several members of 1921 were seen seated around a delicacy-strewn table, ordering more, while a large poster near them demanded of them to Buy Bonds and depicted the sufferings of outcast Belgians.

Mary W. Dewson, 1897, who went to France from the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association to do Red Cross work, has just been appointed in charge of relief work for the refugees, in one of the zones in the Lyons region.

Mr. Smalley of the Department of Music will give a violoncella Recital on the afternoon of Friday, the 18th of October, at 4.40 P. M. The recital will take place in Billings Hall. All are cordially invited.

The first meeting of the House of Representatives was held Monday afternoon, October 14.

It is interesting to notice that the rest of the country appreciates *America The Beautiful* just as we do. Many have advocated it as our national anthem.

WANTED—A KODAK.

Owing to the quarantine, photographers from outside cannot take the usual pictures of teams, etc., that are wanted for the Legenda. Therefore the Legenda Board wants a Kodak. Anyone who will sell or rent one for the year, postcard size preferred, please see Emma Anderson at 12 Wood.

Alumnæ Department

(The Editors are earnestly striving to make this department of value by reporting events of interest to Wellesley Alumnæ as promptly and as completely as is possible. The Alumnæ are urged to co-operate by sending notices to the Alumnæ General Secretary, or directly to the WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS.)

ENGAGEMENTS.

'09. Margaret L. Barry to William A. Haskell of Newton Centre, Mass.

'16. Edwina M. Smiley to Marshall Hertig, University of Minnesota, A. E. F.

MARRIAGES.

'85. On October 7, at Rochester, N. Y., Esther Aris Hale, daughter of Mrs. William B. Hale (Clara Andrews.)

'10. Foster-Curtis. On July 22, in Machias, Maine, Josephine N. Curtis, to Captain William S. Foster, Cornell '08, Sanitary Corps, U. S. A.

'11. Roberts-Mills. On October 2, at Winchester, Mass., Dorothy Mills, to Rev. William P. Roberts.

'12. Barrett-Clarke. On August 24, Catherine Clarke, to Lieutenant Stanton H. Barrett, U. S. Medical Corps.

'14. Trenor-Walworth. On September 24, at Gloucester, Mass., Bernice W. Walworth, to Albert D. Trenor.

'14. Clark-Fowle. On August 29, at Thetford, Vt., Eleanor Fowle, to Edward L. Clark.

'17. Getman-Whipple. On September 28, Genevieve Whipple, to Herbert C. Getman, Hamilton '16, ensign, U. S. N. R.

BIRTHS.

'06-'07. On September 26, a daughter to Mrs. Edward B. Rowe (Marion Howlett.)

'12. On August 23, at Concord, N. H., a daughter, to Mrs. Joseph Worthan (Dorothy Bullard.)

'17. In July, in New York City, a daughter, Jean Marie, to Mrs. Marie *Fentzlaff* Hinrichs.

DEATHS.

'85-'88. On June 24, in Kingfisher, Oklahoma, Mrs. Myra White Tuttle.

'97. On June 22, in Wellesley, Mass., Rev. Edward N. Pomeroy, Bowdoin '59, father of Gertrude A. Pomeroy.

'05. On October 3, in West Lynn, Mass., Helen Frances Potter.

'05. In August, in Needham, Mass., the father of Isabel Stone.

'07. On September 26, at the Newton Hospital, Mrs. Chauncey W. Waldron (Mildred Rogers.)

'10. In New York, Alte Shaw Hill (Mrs. Roger.)

'12. On September 21, Rev. R. A. Bryant, father of Elizabeth Bryant Roberts.

'15. On September 20, in Lawrence, Mass., Augusta Marie Sullivan.

'15. On October 5, in Jenkintown, Pa., Margaretta W. Selser.

'17. On October 4, in New York City, Susan L. Sommerman.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

'83. Mrs. Augustus E. Scoville (Susan Greene,) to Virginia Union University, Richmond, Va.

'90. Mrs. L. E. Martin (Nellard Clough), to 115 Locust St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

'07. Mrs. Howard D. Hannaford (Ruth Emerson,) to Yoshido Kyohwai, Yoshido, Machi, Yyoto, Japan.

'09. Mrs. Netor Schoepperle (Edith Payne), to 36 Clinton Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

'09. Eleanor L. Cox, to 414 5th St. N. E., Washington, D. C.

'11. Mrs. William P. Roberts (Dorothy Mills), to American Church Mission, Souchow, China.

'13. Mrs. Marshall Wellington (Alice Van Valkenburgh,) to 1900 Holly St., Harrisburg, Pa.

'13. Ruth P. Greenley, to 45 Stafford St., Worcester, Mass.

'14. Mary James, to James Court, Apartment 24, 106 Morningside Drive, N. Y. C.

'16. Mrs. Alexander E. O. Munsell (Margaret Dodd,) to Gilson Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

'17. Mrs. Herbert C. Getman (Genevieve Whipple,) to 4 Logan St., Charleston, S. C.

'18. Dorothy Greene, to 35 Hague Court, 400 West 118th St., N. Y. C.

ALUMNÆ!

Do you ever feel that you are getting out of touch with your Alma Mater? If you are longing to relive your freshman foolishness, your sophomore studiousness, your junior joyrides, or your senior sophistication, and at the same time wish to gain a clear idea of Wellesley's part in The Great War, subscribe for the Legenda. Send a card with your name and address to Dorothy C. Doremus, Freeman Cottage, and a copy will be reserved for you.

SHAKESPEARE PROGRAM MEETING.

Scenes from *The Winter's Tale,* the play studied by the Society last year, were presented by the seniors at initiations.

	Act II.	Scene 3.
Leontes		Marguerite Brenizer
Antigonus		Margaret Conant
Paulina		Ellen Richardson
Lord		Emily Trimmer
Servant		Elizabeth Brooks
	Act III.	Scene 2.
Leontes		Marguerite Brenizer
Cleomenes		Louise Saunders
Dion		Katherine Vose
Officer		Margaret Conant
Lord		Emily Trimmer
Paulina		Rose Schwenger
Hermione		Margaret Littlehales
	Act V.	Scene 3.
Leontes		Margaret Littlehales
Polixenes		Elizabeth Brooks
Camillo		Margaret Conant
Florizel		Emily Trimmer
Perdita		Marion Bash
Paulina		Rose Schwenger
Hermione		Isabel Ireland

A WELLESLEY POET.

But we must share Eloise Robinson (Mount Holyoke, B. A. 1910; Wellesley, M. A. 1912) with the mother of colleges sitting among her hills beside the Connecticut. Miss Robinson's Poem *Fatherland*, which opens the October issue of *Poetry*, was awarded last June one of the two annual prizes of the Poetry Society of America. The poet is now in France, in gas mask and trench helmet, serving the soldiers beyond the Y. M. C. A. huts with coffee and cocoa from a camionette.

K. L. B.

A RUSSIAN LETTER.

The following letter, printed in the Contributor's Column of the October *Atlantic* is reprinted here by the kind permission of the *Atlantic* editors. A series of letters by Madame Ponafidine was published in the *Atlantic* for July, and this, which arrived later, carries on her story of Russian conditions to April, 1918. To the few in Wellesley who know Madam Ponafidine and have had the privilege of visiting her at Bortnike, these letters are of special personal interest, but their picture of a Russian land owner's life today is for all. Bortnike is an estate of 29,000 acres on Lake Ostashkoff, the source of the Volga, in the province of Tver. M. Ponafidine (Peter) was for thirty-six years a Russian consul in the East—first in Persia, where he met Madame Ponafidine, the daughter of an American missionary, and later in Turkey. For the past six years the family have lived on their estate, trying to introduce improved methods of agriculture and dairying among the peasants in the villages, and working to break down the suspicion and hostility which revolutionary propaganda has already aroused among them. It is good to hear that another letter has recently come from Madame Ponafidine—of a May date—which reports better feeling among the peasants and a more hopeful outlook.

A. F. P.

Bortnike, April 4, 1918.

"My dear Carrie,—

"I sent you a card the other day, when we thought the crisis had come, but again it is put off till next Sunday. Peter says he now understands the relief that persons feel when sentence is at last pronounced, even if the worst.

"For three days council sat most of the day and late at night. There are three parties. One for extermination, root and branch; one for turning us out 'forever,' with hand-luggage, but alive; and the other for letting us remain under condition; and this party is again split into two; one for giving us monthly just the rations that the central committee gives out (2-5 pounds of flour a month); others vote for giving us 20 pounds a month (per head). Three weary days dragged by, with constant news of the violent altercation going on. At last, day before yesterday, as I was reading to Peter by the window, I saw Alec coming through the yard, surrounded by armed peasants, some with swords, but most with rifles and fixed bayonets. At first my heart fell, but I saw Alec was talking with them cheerfully. It proved to be our new committee (the 7th or 8th), militia men, and about 10 of the worst inclined towards us of the neighbors. The committee was very correct. They searched the whole place, weighed everything eatable, and called a meeting of our three villages for the evening. The worst is a persistent accusation against me that is very serious. They declare that all winter I have taken food-supplies, flour, etc., to town, which is an absolute lie. We have sent our valuables to Moscow, and I took clothing to hide in Oshtashkov, but brought it all back (unfortunately, now) when Oshtashkov was being pillaged. The members of the committee, being from a distance, left horses here and said they would come back here to sleep; so I prepared their supper and waited for them and for Oka, for whom we had sent a horse to town. At eleven Oka came, so thin and gaunt, with a tiny canvas bag worth 2 to 3 roubles, for which he paid 45, and in which was the meagre supply of linen he

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CALENDAR.

Friday, October 18, 4.40 P. M. Billings Hall. Cello Recital by Mr. Ralph Smalley.

8 P. M. Houghton Memorial Chapel. Dr. Brewer Eddy will speak on *Behind the Lines in France.*

Saturday, October 19, evening. Society Program Meetings.

Sunday, October 20, Houghton Memorial Chapel. 11 A. M. Dr. Joseph H. Odell, of Troy.

7 P. M. Dr. Odell will speak on his experiences in France.

Wednesday, October 23, 7.15 P. M. Christian Association Meetings. Services preparatory to communion.

Billings Hall. Leader: Professor Macdougall.

St. Andrew's Church. Leader: Miss Tufts.

Saturday, October 26. Barn.

First Barn play and Community Rally.

Personal Greeting Cards

For the Holidays

A Collection of Unusual Distinction and Individuality

Our sample books of 1918 designs for Christmas and New Year's cards and booklets are now being shown. Our selection includes a most attractive display of Patriotic Christmas Cards.

If you desire to send greeting cards to the boys across, we would suggest that you place your order now to insure against disappointment.

Because of the government request to dispense with useless gifting many will confine their Christmas remembrances to personal cards.

Our selection is worthy of your inspection.

Jordan Marsh Company

BOSTON

had been able to buy at an exorbitant price, His good English valise, all his books and clothing, had been taken from him. We estimated the loss at 2000 roubles. He and his two classmates, with whom he stayed in Petrograd (a very rich family), used to study in bed until noon, as they felt the hunger less lying down. Three quarters of a pound of bread was given each for two days. They had tea in the morning, without sugar or milk, and half of this bread. I asked Oka how he divided his portion, and he said laughingly, "I looked at it, mostly.' Dinner and supper were so meagre that they were all constantly hungry, and that because nothing could be had.

"At midnight, the committee came back, in a very depressed mood. When I asked them the result, the leader replied, 'It could not be worse.' The assembly was so violent and so one-sided that the committee closed it, giving orders that each village in the entire parish (I think there are 16) send five representatives Sunday to headquarters; and there our fate will be settled. The next day they brought us some supplies into the house, and put their seals on our barns, storehouses, etc., and took the keys. The night the committee was here we all undressed, and thought we would have such a good sleep, with so many armed men in the house; but Peter never shut his eyes all night. Today is Thursday, and we must wait till Sunday. Tomorrow Alec and I go to town, leaving Oka with Peter, to try to find a place if we have to go. I think starving is worse than being killed outright, and if they turn us out and take all our bread, I don't see how we can live. Even at the best, if we stay here, next autumn will bring starvation. They say I have 'been a lady long enough and must work,' and have taken away my cook, who was cook and maid-of-all-work. I cook now (and I don't know a thing about it, more shame to me!), and have a little girl who helps. You see, all the water has to come in and out of the house, and so many stoves to heat this bitter cold. Alec and Oka do the outside work, chopping and bringing wood, water, hay, etc. Not sleeping well, I am getting so weak and tired, I am in constant dread of breaking down. If I can only hold out so long as Peter needs me, then I have no desire to continue.

"No news from George. His last letter was dated two months ago. In former times one could always get news through the staff, but now nothing can be done but wait and hope. If the worst happens and any of them escape, they will try to get to America, where they can find work. I get absolutely no letters from America or England. I doubt if you get mine, but I must write—the loneliness is awful. We all send much love to you all.

Lovingly,

EMMA.

"P.S. Poor Madame Tolstoi is in great need. She lives on horsemeat, as all our friends do, and is now being turned out of Moscow and does not know where to go. We may come to it, but so far we prefer doing without meat to eating horsemeat, though Alec and Oka did in Petrograd."

ENGAGEMENT.

Katherine E. Johnson, formerly 1919, to Lieutenant Elmer A. Harrington, U. S. N. R. F.

IMPORTANT.

Doubtless every one knows that the organization which we used intimately to call "College Settlements" has now to be referred to as the Intercollegiate Community Service Association. What everyone does not know is that this extension in title involves an extension in aims and duties. There are chapters in every woman's college, and we are now responsible not only to our own chapter, but to the whole organization. In view of this fact it is up to each member of the college to do her share.

Those girls whose schedules allow them free time, are urgently requested to think over the opportunities offered by Denison or Hale House classes. Geniuses who are wasting their sweetness on the desert air of Music Hall can always have appreciative audiences by entertaining at one of the Thursday night neighborhood parties at Denison House. If there are some girls who wish to practice nursing on a small scale, they can sign up to help with the Baby Clinic or to escort patients to the hospitals. Watch the C. A. board and sign up for something.

Of course everyone cannot do these things, but there is no need for anyone to bewail the fact that she cannot help. She can be useful by simply joining and attending the college meetings. Although this work is not under the supervision of the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. it is war work, and every one ought to do her share.

We have a noble title and "noblesse oblige."

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Just now when we are so interested in everything that is happening in France, the STARS AND STRIPES instantly claims our attention. It is the official weekly newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces, and is written by and for these soldiers. The first thing one notices is that its appearance and content are just like our best daily papers, it reports the events that will especially interest its readers, such as new ratious, the last successful attack, and the big football game.

All this is seen at first glance but when we read the articles we see the real value of the paper—the courage that shines forth in every item. There is no subject which is not set forth in an amusing way with plenty of dry humor, and the bright side is always brought to the fore. It is, in all, a remarkable publication, throwing fresh light on the spirit over there and making us more than ever proud of the American men.

MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

Absorbed as all Wellesley students are in their own quarantine, it is interesting to note the situation in other women's colleges. Vassar continues her work in about the same way as Wellesley, quarantining her students from any contact with the city of Poughkeepsie, but permitting them to carry on their regular life within the college grounds. At Mount Holyoke also the college life pursues its even way without cessation of classes, but the regular morning chapel has been given up along with the Sunday service. This period the college authorities have requested to be devoted to some sort of exercise in the open air in preparation for a day time spent indoors. At Smith College we find the radical change for all classes have been suspended, and about one-third of the students have returned to their homes to await there the as yet undecided date of the reopening of the college.

B., '21.

One thousand men swore fealty to the flag at Harvard. Why can't 1000 women at Wellesley do the same by buying Liberty Bonds.

FRASER, THE FLORIST

PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS

65 Linden St., West Wellesley, Mass.

(Flowers Telegraphed) Telephone 597

WANTED.

Someone to help with the care of my two children, 1 and 3 years old, who is also willing to help with housework. Pleasant home for a war widow who is fond of domesticity.

MRS. WM. D. MILNE.

29 Waltham St., Lexington, Mass.

Phone Lex. 161-W.